THE PLEASURES OF A Single LIFE, OR, THE MISERIES OF MATRIMONY.

Occasionally Writ
Upon the many DIVORCES lately
Granted by Parliament.

WITH THE

CHOICE,

OR, THE

Pleasures of a Country-LIFE.

Dedicated to the Beaus *against the next Vacation.*

London: Printed and Sold by *H. Hills*, in *Black-fryars*, near the Water-side. 1709. *Price One Penny.*

Priced about 2/6 in a great London Sale Cat. 1970

D Vet. A4 e. 3211 2799 e. 177

BODLEIAN
21·9·1904

THE Pleasures of a Single LIFE,

OR,

The Miseries of Matrimony.

Occasionally Writ upon the many DIVORCES lately Granted by Parliament.

WEdlock, oh! Curs'd uncomfortable State,
Cause of my Woes, and Object of my hate.
How bless'd was I? Ah, once how happy me?
When I from those uneasie Bonds were free;
How calm my Joys? How peaceful was my Breast,
Till with thy fatal Cares too soon oppress't,
The World seem'd Paradice, so bless'd the Soil
Wherein I liv'd, that Business was no Toil;
Life was a Comfort, which produc'd each day
New Joys, that still preserv'd me from decay,
Thus Heav'n first launch'd me into pacifick Seas,
Where free from Storms I mov'd with gentle Breeze;
My Sails proportion'd, and my Vessel tite,
Coasting in Pleasures-Bay I steer'd aright,
Ballac'd with true Content, and fraighted with delight
Books my Companions were wherein I found
Needful Advice, without a noisy Sound,
But was with friendly pleasing silence taught,
Wisdom's best Rules, to fructify my Thought,
Rais'd up our Sage Fore-fathers from the dead,
And when I pleas'd, invok'd them to my Aid,
Who at my Study-Bar without a Fee would plead:
Whilst I Chief-Justice sat, heard all their Sutes,
And gave my Judgment on their learn'd Disputes;
Strove to determine ev'ry Cause aright,
And for my Pains found Profit and Delight,
Free from Partiality; I fear'd no blame,
Desir'd no Brib'ry, and deserv'd no Shame,

But like an upright Judge, grudg'd no Expence
Of time, to fathom Truth with Diligence,
Reading by Day, Contemplating by Night,
Till Conscience told me that I judg'd aright;
Then to my Paper-World I'd have recourse,
And by my Maps run o'er the Universe;
Sail round the Globe, and touch at every Port;
Survey those Shoars where Men untam'd resort;
Visit the old Regions where the *Persian* Lord
Taught Wooden Deities first to be Ador'd,
Ensnar'd at last to Sacrifice his Life
To the base Pride of an Adult'rous Wife,
And where the *Grecian* Youth to Arms inur'd,
The hungry Soil with *Persian* Blood manur'd,
Where bold *Busephilus* brutal Conduct show'd,
The force of monstrous Elephants withstood,
And with his Rider waded through a purple Flood.
Then would I next the *Roman* Field survey,
Where brave *Fabricius* with his Army lay:
Fam'd for his Valour, from Corruption free,
Made up of Courage and Humility.
That when Encamp'd the good Man lowly bent,
Cook'd his own Cabbage in his homely Tent:
And when the *Samnites* sent a Golden Sum,
To tempt him to betray his Country *Rome*,
The Dross he scoffingly return'd untold,
And answer'd with a Look serenely bold, Gold:
That *Roman* Sprouts would boil without their *Grecian*
Then eat his Cale-worts for his Meal design'd,
And beat the *Grecian* Army when he'd din'd.
Thus wou'd I range the World from Pole to Pole,
To encrease my Knowledge, and delight my Soul;
Travel all Nations, and inform my Sence;
With ease and safety, at a small Expence:
No Storms to plough, no Passengers Sums to pay,
No Horse to hire, or Guide to show the way,
No *Alps* to clime, no Desarts here to pass,
No Ambuscades, no Thief to give me chase;

No Beast to dread, or rav'nous Wolf to fight,
No Flies to sting, no Rattle-Snakes to bite;
No Floods to ford, no Hurricans to fear;
No dreadful Thunder to surprize the Ear;
No Winds to freeze, no Sun to scorch or fry,
No Thirst, or Hunger, and Relief not nigh.
All these Fatigues and Mischiefs could I shun;
Rest when I pleas'd, and when I please Jog on,
And travel through both *Indies* in an Afternoon.
When the Day thus far pleasingly was spent,
And every Hour admin'stred Content,
Then would I range the Fields, and flow'ry Meads,
Where Nature her exub'rant Bounty spreads,
In whose delightful Products does appear
Inimitable Beauty ev'ry where;
Contemplate on each Plant, and useful Weed,
And how its Form first lay involv'd in Seed,
How they're preserv'd by Providential Care,
For what design'd, and what their Virtues are.
Thus to my Mind by dint of Reason prove,
That all below is ow'd to Heaven above,
And that no Earthly Temporals can be,
But what must Center in Eternity.
Then gaze aloft, whence all things had their Birth;
And mount my prying Soul 'twixt Heaven and Earth,
Thus the sweet Harmony o'th' whole admire,
And by due Search new Learning still acquire,
So nearer ev'ry day to Truths Divine aspire.
When tir'd with thought, then from my Pocket pluck
Some friendly dear Companion of a Book,
Whose homely Calves skin fences did contain
The Verbal Treasure of some Old good Man:
Made by long study and experience wise,
Whose piercing thoughts to Heavenly knowledge rise,
Amongst whose Pious Reliques I would find,
Rules for my Life, Rich Banquets for my mind,
Such pleating Nectar, such Eternal Food,
That well digested, makes a Man a God;

And for his uſe at the ſame time prepares
On Earth a Heav'n in ſpight of worldly Cares,
The day in theſe Enjoyments would I ſpend,
But chuſe at Night my Bottle and my Friend,
Took prudent care that neither were abus'd,
But with due Moderation both I us'd.
And in one ſober Pint found more delight,
Than the inſatiate Sot that ſwills all Night;
Ne'er drown my Senſes, or my Soul debaſe,
Or drink beyond the reliſh of my blaſs
For in Exceſs good Heav'ns deſign is Croſt,
In all Extreams the true Enjoyments loſt,
Wine chears the Heart, and elevates the Soul,
But if we ſurfeit with too large a Bowl,
Wanting true Aim we th' happy Mark o'er Shoot,
And change the Heavenly Image to a Brute.
So the great *Grecian* who the World ſubdu'd,
And drown'd whole Nations in a Sea of Blood;
At laſt was Conquer'd by the Power of Wine,
And dy'd a Drunken Victim to the Vine.
My Friend, and I, when o'er our Bottle ſat,
Mix'd with each Glaſs ſome inoffenſive Chat,
Talk'd of the World's Affairs, but ſtill kept free
From Paſſion, Zeal, or Partiality;
With honeſt freedom did our thoughts diſpenſe,
And judg'd of all things with indifference;
Till time at laſt did our Delights invade,
And in due ſeaſon ſeparation made,
Then without Envy, Diſcord or Deceit,
Part like true Friends as loving as we meet.
The Tavern change to a domeſtick ſcene,
That ſweet Retirement, tho' it's ne'er ſo mean.
Thus leave each other in a Cheerful Plight,
T' enjoy the ſilent Pleaſures of the Night,
When home return'd, my Thanks to Heaven pay,
For all the paſt kind Bleſſing of the Day;
No haughty Help-mate to my Peace moleſt,
No treacherous Snake to harbour in my Breaſt;

No fawning Mistress of the Female Art,
With *Judas* Kisses to betray my Heart;
No light tail'd Hypocrite to raise my Fears,
No vile Impert'nence to torment my Ears;
No molted Off-spring to disturb my Thought,
In Wedlock born but G——d knows where begot;
No lustful *Messalina* to require
Whole Troops of Men to feed her Brutal Fire?
No Family Cares my quiet to disturb;
No Head-strong Humours to asswage or Curb
No Jaring Servants, no Domestick strife,
No Jilt, no Termagent, no Faithless Wife,
With Vinegar or Gall, to sowre or bitter Life.
Thus freed from all that could my Mind annoy,
Alone my self, I did my self enjoy:
When Nature call'd, I laid me down to rest,
With a sound Body, and a peaceful Breast;
Hours of Repose with Constancy I kept,
And Guardian Angels watch'd me as I slept,
In lively Dreams reviving as I lay,
The Pleasures of the last precedent day,
Thus whilst I singly liv'd, did I possess
By Day and Night incessant Happiness,
Content enjoy'd awak'd, and sleeping found no less.
But the Curs'd Fiend from Hell's dire Regions sent,
Ranging the World to Man's Destruction bent,
Who with an Envious Pride beholding me,
Advanc'd by Virtue to Felicity,
Resolv'd his own Eternal wretched state,
Should be in part reveng'd by my sad Fate;
And so at once my happy Life betray
Flung Woman, Faithless Woman in my way:
Beauty she had, a seeming Modest Mein,
All Charms without, but Devil all within,
Which did not yet appear, but lurk'd, alass unseen.
A fair Complexion far exceeding Paint,
Black sleepy Eyes that wou'd have Charm'd a Saint;
Her Lips so soft and sweet, that ev'ry Kiss,
Seem'd a short Tast of the Eternal Bliss; Her

Her ſet of Teeth ſo Regular and White,
They'd ſhow their Luſtre in the darkeſt Night;
Round her Seraphick Face ſo fair and young,
Her Sable Hair in careleſs Dreſſes hung,
Which added to her beauteous Features, ſhow'd
Like ſome fair Angel peeping through a Cloud?
Her Breaſts, her Hands, and every Charm ſo bright,
She ſeem'd a Sun by Day, a Moon by Night;
Her ſhape ſo raviſhing, that every Part,
Proportion'd was to the niceſt Rules of Art:
So awful was her Carriage when ſhe mov'd,
None could behold her, but he fear'd and lov'd,
She danc'd well, ſung well, finely plaid the Lute,
Was always witty in her Words, or Mute;
Obliging, not reſerv'd, nor yet too free,
But as a Maid divinely bleſs'd ſhould be;
Not vainly gay, but decent in Attire,
She ſeem'd ſo good, ſhe could no more acquire
Of Heaven, than what ſhe had, & Man no more deſire:
Fortune, like God and Nature too was kind,
And to theſe Gifts a copious Sum had joyn'd.
Who could the power of ſuch Temptations ſhun,
What frozen *Synick* from her Charms could run:
What Cloiſter'd Monk could ſee a Face ſo bright,
But quit his Beads and follow Beauty's Light,
And Its Luſtre hope to ſhun Eternal Night.
I ſo bewitch'd, and poyſon'd with her Charms,
Believ'd the utmoſt Heaven was in her Arms,
Methoughts the Goodneſs, in her Eyes I ſee,
Spoke her the Off-ſpring of ſome Deity.
Now Books and Walks, would no content afford,
She was the only Good to be Ador'd.
In her fair Looks alone delight I found,
Love's raging Storms all other Joys had drown'd.
By Beauty's *Ignis fatuus* led aſtray,
Bound for Content, I loſt my happy way
Of Reaſon's faithful Pilot now bereſt,
Was amongſt Rocks and Shelves in danger left,

There must have perish'd, as I fondly thought,
Left her kind Usage my Salvation wrought;
Her happy Aid I labour'd to obtain,
Hop'd for Success, yet fear'd her sad Disdain,
Tortur'd like dying Convicts whilst they live,
'Twixt fear of Death, and hopes of a Reprieve.
First for her smallest Favours did I sue,
Crept, Fawn'd and Cring'd, as Lovers us'd to do?
Sigh'd e'er I spoke, and when I spoke look'd Pale,
In words confus'd disclos'd my mournful Tale?
Unpractised and Amour's fine Speeches coin'd,
But could not utter what I well design'd.
Warm'd by her Charms 'gainst Bashfulness I strove,
And trembling sat, and stammer'd out my Love;
Told her how greatly I admir'd and fear'd,
Which she 'twixt Coyness and Compassion heard,
Grutch'd no Expence of Money, or of Time,
And thought that not to adore her was a Crime;
The more each Visit I acquainted grew,
Yet every time found something in her new.
Who was above her Sex so fortunate,
She had a Charm for Man in every State;
Beauty for the Youthful, Prudence for the Old,
Scripture for the Godly, for the Miser Gold;
Wit for the Ingenious, silence for the Grave,
Flatt'ry for the Fool, and Cunning for the Knave:
Compounded thus of such Varieties,
She had a knack to every Temper please,
And as her self thought fit was every one of these.
I lov'd, I sigh'd and vow'd, talk'd, whin'd, and pray'd,
And at her Feet my panting Heart I lay'd;
She smil'd, then frown'd, was now reserv'd, then free,
And as she play'd her part oft chang'd her Key;
Not through Fantastick Humour but Design,
To try me throughly e'er she should be mine,
Because she wanted in one Man to have,
A Husband, Lover, Cuckold, and a Slave.
So Travellers, before a Horse they buy,
His Speed, his Paces, and his Temper try, Whe-

Whether h'ell anſwer Whip and Spur, thence Judge,
If the poor Beaſt will prove a patient Drudge:
When ſhe by wiles had heightned my Deſire,
And fain'd Lov's ſparkles to a raging Fire;
Made now for Wedlock, or for *Bedlam* fit,
Thus Paſſion gain'd the upper-hand of Wit,
The Dame by pity, or by Intereſt mov'd,
Or elſe by Luſt, pretended now ſhe lov'd;
After long ſufferings, her Conſent I got,
To make me happy, as I hop'd and thought,
But oh, the wretched hour I ty'd the *Gordian* Knot.
Thus thro' miſtake I raſhly plung'd my Life
Into that Gulph of Miſeries a Wife.
With joyful Arms I thus embrac'd my Fate,
Believ'd too ſoon, was undeceiv'd too late;
So hair-brain'd Fools to *Indian* Climates rove,
With a vain hope their Fortunes to improve;
There ſpend their ſlender Cargoes, then become
Worſe Slaves abroad than e'er they were at home.
When a few Weeks were waſted I compar'd,
With all due moderation and regard,
My former freedom, with my new reſtraint,
Judging which ſtate afforded moſt content,
But found a ſingle Life as calm and gay,
As the delightful Month of blooming *May*,
Not chill'd with Cold, or ſcorch'd with too much heat.
Not plagu'd with flying Duſt, nor drown'd with wet,
But pleaſing to the Eyes, and to the Noſtrils ſweet.
But Wedlock's like the bluſtring Month of *March*,
That does the Body's Maims and Bruiſes ſearch,
Brings by cold nipping Storms unwelcom Pains,
And finds, or breeds Diſtempers in our Veins;
Renews old Sores, and haſtens on Decay,
And ſeldom does afford one pleaſant Day.
But Clouds diſſolve, or raging Tempeſt blow,
And untile Houſes, like the wrangling Shrow;
Thus *March* and Marriage juſtly may be ſaid,
To be alike, then ſure the Man is Mad, bad.
That loves ſuch changling Weather where the beſt is

Though I once happy in a ſingle Life,
Yet Shipwrack'd all upon that Rock a Wife.
By Gold and Beauties Powerful Charms betray'd,
To the dull drudgery of a Marriage-Bed;
That Paradiſe for Fools, a Sport for Boys,
Tireſom its Chains, and brutal are its Joys,
Thou nauſeous Prieſtcraft that too ſoon appear'd,
Not as I hop'd, but worſe than what I fear'd,
All her ſoft Charms which I believ'd divine,
Marriage I thought had made them only mine;
Vain hope, alas for I too early found,
My Brows were with the Throne of Wedlock crown'd,
Jealouſies, firſt from Reaſon rais'd a doubt,
And Fatal Chance th' unhappy Truth brought out;
Made it ſo plain from all Pretences free'd.
That wicked Woman no Excuſe could plead;
And if ſhe wants device to hide her Shame,
Hell can no Umbrage for Adult'ry frame.
I thought it prudence the Diſgrace to hide,
Tho' rav'd and Storm'd, ſhe Pardon beg'd and Cry'd.
Yet with falſe Proteſtations ſtrove to Charm:
The Cuckold to believe ſhe'd done no harm,
Tho' taken by ſurprize (O curſe the Day)
Where all the Marks of paſt Enjoyment lay,
And ſhe diſorder'd by her luſtful freeks
Had Shame and Horrour ſtrugling in her Cheeks:
Yet, made Eſſays to clear her Innocence,
And hide her guilt with Lyes and Impudence;
For luſtful Women like a vicious State,
Oft ſtifle Ills by others full as great,
But I convinc'd too plainly of her Guilt,
All her falſe Oaths and quick inventions ſpoilt,
Which when ſhe'd uſed in vain ſhe bluſh'd and cry'd,
And own'd her fault ſhe found ſhe could not hide.
This I forgave, ſhe promis'd to reclaim,
Vow'd future truth if I'd conceal the ſhame;
But what Strange Adamantine Chain can bind,
Woman corrupted to be juſt or kind:

Or

Or how can Man to an adultreſs ſhew
That Love, which to a faithful Wife is due.
I ſtrugled hard, and all my Paſſions check't,
And chang'd Revenge into a mild Reſpect,
That Good for Ill return'd might touch her near,
And Gratitude might bind her more than fear;
My former Love I every day renew'd;
And all the Signals of Oblivion ſhew'd;
Wink'd at ſmall Faults, wou'd no ſuch Trifles mind,
As accidental Failings not deſigned.
I all things to her Temper eaſie made,
Scorn'd to reflect, and hated to upbraid;
She choſe (and rich it was) her own Attire,
Nay, had what a proud Woman could deſire.
Thus the new Covenant I ſtrictly kept,
And oft in private for her Failings wept,
Yet bore with ſeeming Cheerfulneſs thoſe Cares,
That bring a Man too ſoon to griſled Hairs.
But all this kindneſs I diſpens'd in vain,
Where Luſt and baſe Ingratitude remain.
Luſt, which if once in Female fancy fix'd,
Burns like Salt Petre, with dry Touchwood mix'd:
And tho' cold Fear for time may ſtop its force,
'Twill ſoon like Fire confin'd, break out the worſe,
Or like a Tide obſtructed, re-aſſume its courſe.
No Art cou'd e'er preſume the ſtinking *Stote*,
Or change the lecherous Nature of the *Goat*.
No skilful Whitſter ever found the ſlight,
To waſh or bleach an *Ethiopian* White.
No gentle Uſage truly will Aſſwage,
A Tyger's fierceneſs, or a Lyon's rage,
Stripes and ſevere Correction is the way.
When once they're thro'ly Conquer'd, they'll obey,
'Tis Whip and Spur, Commanding Reign and Bit,
That makes the unruly head-ſtrong Horſe ſubmit,
So ſtubborn faith'leſs Woman muſt be us'd,
Or Man by Woman baſely be abus'd.
For after all the Endearments I ſhould ſhow,
At laſt ſhe turn'd both Libertine and Shrow,

From my Submiſſion grew perverſe and proud,
Crabbed as Varges, and as Thunder loud;
Did what ſhe pleas'd, would no Obedience own,
And ridicul'd the Patience I had ſhown.
Fear'd no ſharp threatnings, valued no diſgrace,
But flung the wrongs ſhe'd done me in my Face;
Grew ſtill more head-ſtrong, turbulent and Lewd,
Filling my Manſion with a ſpurious brood.
Thus Brutal Luſt her humane Reaſon drown'd,
And her looſe Tail oblig'd the Country round;
Advice, Reproof, Pray'rs, Tears, were flung away,
For ſtill ſhe grew more wicked ev'ry day;
Till by her equals ſcorn'd, my Servants fed,
The Brutal Rage of her adultrous bed.
Nay, in my abſence trucled to my Groom,
And hug'd the ſervile Traytor in my Room;
When theſe ſtrange Tydings, Thunder ſtruck my Ear,
And ſuch Inhumane Wrongs were made appear,
On theſe juſt Grounds for a Divorce I ſu'd,
At laſt that head-ſtrong Tyrant Wife ſubdu'd,
Cancel'd the marriage bonds, and baſtardiz'd her brood
Woman, thou worſt of all Church-plagues, farewel;
Bad at the beſt, but at the worſt a Hell;
Thou truſs of wormwood, bitter Teaz of Life,
Thou Nurſery of humane cares a wife.
Thou Apple-Eating Trayt'riſs who began
The Wrath of Heav'n, and Miſeries of Man,
And haſt with never-failing diligence,
Improv'd the Curſe to humane Race e'er ſince.
Farewel Church-juggle that enſlav'd my Life,
But bleſs that Power that rid me of my Wife.
And now the Laws once more have ſet me free,
If Woman can again prevail with me,
My Fleſh and Bones ſhall make my Wedding-Feaſt,
And none ſhall be Invited as my Gueſt,
T' attend my *Bride*, but th' *Devil* and a *Prieſt*.

FINIS.

THE CHOICE,

OR, THE

Pleasures of a *Country* - LIFE, &c.

IF Heav'n the grateful Liberty wou'd give,
That I might chuse my Method how to live:
And all those Hours propitious Fate shou'd lend,
In blissful Ease and Satisfaction spend.
Near some fair Town I'd have a private Seat,
Built Uniform, not little, nor too great:
Better if on a rising Ground it stood,
Fields on this side, on that a Neighb'ring Wood.
It shou'd within no other things contain,
But what are Useful, Necessary, Plain:
Methinks 'tis Nauseous, and I'd ne'er endure
The needful pomp of gaudy Furniture:
A little Garden, grateful to the Eye,
And a cool Rivulet run murmuring by:
On whose delicious Banks a stately Row,
Of shady Limes, or Sicamores, shou'd grow.
At th' end of which a silent Study plac'd,
Shou'd with the Noblest Authors there be grac'd.
Horace and *Virgil*, in whose mighty Lines,
Immortal Wit, and solid Learning shines.
Sharp *Juvenal*, and am'rous *Ovid* too,
Who all the turns of Loves soft passion knew:
He, that with Judgment reads his Charming Lines,
In which strong Art, with stronger Nature joyns,
Must grant, his Fancy does the best excel:
His Thoughts so tender, and expres't so well;
With all those Moderns, Men of steady Sense,
Esteem'd for Learning, and for Eloquence:

In

In ſome of theſe, as Fancy ſhou'd adviſe,
I'd always take my Morning Exerciſe.
For ſure, no Minutes bring us more Content,
Than thoſe in pleaſing uſeful Studies Spent.
I'd have a clear and competent Eſtate,
That I might live Genteely, but not Great.
As much as I cou'd moderately ſpend,
A little more ſometimes t' oblige a Friend.
Nor ſhou'd the Sons of Poverty Repine
Too much at Fortune, they ſhou'd taſte of mine;
And all that Objects of true Pity were,
Shou'd be reliev'd with what my Wants cou'd ſpare;
For what our Maker has too largely giv'n,
Shou'd be return'd in gratitude to Heav'n.
A frugal Plenty ſhou'd my Table ſpread,
With healthful, not luxurious Diſhes fed:
Enough to ſatisfy, and ſomething more
To feed the Stranger, and th' Neighb'ring Poor.
Strong Meat indulges Vice, and pampering Food
Creates Diſeaſes, and inflames the Blood.
But what's ſufficient to make Nature Strong,
And the bright Lamp of Life continue long,
I'd freely take, and as I did poſſeſs,
The bounteous Author of my Plenty bleſs.
I'd have a little Cellar, Cool and Neat,
With Humming Ale, and Virgin Wine Repleat.
Wine whets the Wit, improves its Native Force,
And gives a pleaſant Flavour to Diſcourſe;
By making all our Spirits Debonair,
Throws off the Lees, the Sedement of Care.
But as the greateſt Bleſſing Heaven lends
May be debauch'd, and ſerve ignoble Ends;
So, but too oft, the Grapes refreſhing Juice,
Does many miſchievous Effects produce,
My Houſe, ſhou'd no ſuch rude Diſorders know,
As from high Drinking conſequently flow,
Nor wou'd I uſe what was ſo kindly giv'n,
To the Diſhonour of Indulgent Heav'n.
If any Neighbour came he ſhou'd be free,
Us'd with Reſpect, and not uneaſy be,
In my Retreat, or to himſelf or me.
What Freedom, Prudence, and Right Reaſon give,
All Men may with impunity receive;
But the leaſt ſwerving from their Rules too much,
For what's forbidden us, 'tis Death to touch.
That Life might be more comfortable yet,
And all my Joys refin'd, ſincere and great,

I'd chuſe too Friends, whoſe Company wou'd be
A great Advance to my Felicity.
Well born, of Humours ſuited to my own;
Diſcreet, and Men as well as Books have known.
Brave, Gen'rous, Witty, and exactly free
From looſe Behaviour, or Formality.
Airy, and Prudent, Merry, but not Light,
Quick in diſcerning, and in Judging Right;
Secret they ſhou'd, be faithful to their Truſt,
In Reaſoning Cool, Strong, Temperate and juſt.
Obliging, Open, without Huffing, Brave;
Brisk in gay talking, and in ſober Grave.
Cloſe in diſpute, but not tenacious, try'd
By ſolid Reaſon, and let that decide;
Not prone to Luſt, Revenge, or envious Hate;
Nor buſy Medlers with Intrigues of State.
Strangers to Slander, and ſworn Foes to ſpight,
Not Quarrelſom, but Stout enough to Fight:
Loyal and Pious, Friends to *Cæſar* true
As dying Martyrs to their Maker too.
In their Society I cou'd not miſs,
A permanent, ſincere, ſubſtantial Bliſs,
Wou'd bounteous Heaven once more indulge, I'd chuſe,
(For, who wou'd ſo much ſatisfaction loſe,
As Witty Nymphs in Converſation give)
Near ſome obliging modeſt-fair to live;
For there's that ſweetneſs in a female Mind,
Which in a Man's we cannot find;
That by a ſecret, but a pow'rful Art,
Winds up the Spring of Life, and do's impart
Freſh Vital Heat to the tranſported Heart.
I'd have her Reaſon, and her Paſſions ſway,
Eaſy in Company, in private Gay.
Coy to a Fop, to the deſerving free,
Still Conſtant to her ſelf, and Juſt to me.
A ſoul ſhe ſhou'd have for great Actions fit,
Prudence, and Wiſdom to direct her Wit.
Courage to look bold danger in the Face,
No Fear, but only to be Proud, or Baſe:
Quick to adviſe by an Emergence preſt,
To give good Counſel, or to take the beſt.
I'd have th' Expreſſion of her Thoughts be ſuch,
She might not ſeem Reſerv'd, nor talk too much;
That ſhows a want of Judgment, and of Senſe;
More than enough is but Impertinence.
Her Conduct Regular, her Mirth refin'd,
Civil to Strangers, to her Neighbours kind.

Averſe

Averſe to Vanity, Revenge and Pride,
In all the Methods of Deceit untry'd:
So faithful to her Friend, and good to all;
No Cenſure might upon her Actions fall.
Then wou'd even Envy be compell'd to ſay,
She goes the leaſt of Woman kind aſtray.

To this fair Creature I'd ſometimes retire,
Her Converſation wou'd new Joys inſpire,
Give Life and Edge ſo keen, no ſurly Care
Wou'd venture to aſſault my Soul, or dare
Near my Retreat to hide one ſecret Snare.
But ſo Divine, ſo Noble a Repaſt,
I'd ſeldom, and with Moderation taſte.
For higheſt Cordials all their Virtue loſe,
By a too frequent, and too bold an uſe;
And what would cheer the Spirits in diſtreſs;
Ruins our Health when taken to Exceſs.

I'd be concern'd in no litigious Jarr,
Belov'd by all, not vainly popular:
Whate'er Aſſiſtance I had power to bring
T' oblige my Country, or to ſerve my King,
Whene'er they call'd, I'd readily afford,
My Tongue, My Pen, my Counſel, or my Sword:
Law-ſuits I'd ſhun with as much Studious Care;
As I wou'd Dens where hungry Lyons are;
And rather put up Injuries than be
A Plague to him, who'd be a plague to me.
I value Quiet at a Price too great,
To give for my Revenge ſo dear a Rate:
For what do we by all our buſtle gain,
But counterfeit Delight for real Pain.

If Heav'n a date of many Years wou'd give,
Thus I'd in Pleaſure, Eaſe and Plenty live.
And as I near approach'd the Verge of Life,
Some kind Relation (for I'd have no Wife)
Should take upon him all my Worldly Care,
While I did for a better State prepare.
Then I'd not be with any trouble vext,
Nor have the Evening of my Days purplext.
But by a ſilent, and a peaceful Death,
Without a Sigh, Reſign my Aged Breath:
And when committed to the Duſt, I'd have
Few Tears, but Friendly drop'd into my Grave.
Then wou'd my Exit ſo propitious be,
All Men wou'd wiſh to live and dye like me.

FINIS.